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induced Mr. Briggs to a discourtesy, be it said to his honor.

It was in the *Mirror* that he published "The Trippings of Tom Pepper," a romance similar in character to his first work. It was afterward re-published, in two volumes, and has since been brought out in Bonner's *New-York Ledger*, and, under a different title, in still another popular weekly journal.

While editing the *Mirror*, Mr. Briggs also edited Holden's *Dollar Magazine*, which, under his admirable management, was very successful, attaining to a very large circulation; but, the proprietor of it having been tempted to embark for California, on the first outbreak of the "gold fever," it passed into new hands; Mr. Briggs then abandoned it, and was succeeded in the editorship by Professor Fowler, now of the Rochester University, under whose administration it gradually sickened and died.

Mr. Briggs left the *Mirror*, and edited, for the publisher, George P. Putnam, Esq., "The Homes of American Statesmen," and "The Homes of American Poets," writing the articles on "Franklin," on "Lowell," and on "John P. Kennedy."

In company with George W. Curtis and Parke Godwin, he projected *Putnam's Monthly*, and was the responsible editor of that, in many respects, most admirable magazine, during the first two years of its existence, when it reached its culminating point in reputation and prosperity.*

During the time he was editor of *Putnam's Monthly* we believe he contributed one article to each number; among them the sketch called "Elegant Tom Dillar," which Burton has since comprised in his "Encyclopedia of Humor." Soon after Mr. Raymond, of the *New-York Times*, was elected Lieutenant-Governor of the State, Mr. Briggs engaged upon that paper as associate editor, and has continued this engagement up to the present time, assuming the entire editorial management during the absence of Mr. Raymond. In addition to these daily duties (which, of course, are engrossing and imperative), he has still found time to contribute to several other journals and

magazines, and also to edit one of our most popular weekly papers. Several stories from his pen, during the last two years, show that Harry Franco has infinite resource in fictitious composition. We have, notwithstanding the vast array of popular tale writers, very few who are capable of writing a really first-class story. Mr. Briggs is one of the very best, although he does not seem to covet a reputation in that department of Literature.

Mr. Briggs is the author of several works which have become somewhat notorious as the production of others. Thus, we hear it said on good authority, that various lectures which have been delivered by certain *popular* lecturers, throughout the country, with considerable *eclat*, are from the ready pen of Mr. Briggs. It is also understood that he is the author of a most admirable work on Architecture, in two volumes, which has another name on its title-page. He is also the author of the fine biography of Edgar A. Poe, prefixed to the recent superb English edition of Poe's Poems. Considering how badly Mr. Briggs had been treated by Poe, in his malignant "Literati" notice, as well as in his private slanders; and also how much of Poe's shortcomings Mr. Briggs knew from positive personal evidence, the biography is a model of forbearance and just estimate. Dr. Griswold's "Memoirs," prefixed to the "Literati," cannot lay claim to any forbearance for the weaknesses and sufferings of the dead who committed his literary remains into the Doctor's hands. [How Poe's ghost must have raved over that "discharge of trust" by the Doctor!]

Mr. Briggs is an occasional contributor to the columns of the omnivorous *Ledger*, that great literary maelstrom which draws into its vortex much of the very best literary talent in the country.

As to the personal history of Mr. Briggs, but little has been made known, and we have not been able to gather much that would be specially interesting.

Poe, in his series of sketches of the "Literati of New-York," gives a sketch of him, which is so manifestly the fruit of personal malignity, that no value can be attached to it as a contribution to the biographical literature of the day. A much truer and gentler delineation of character is that given by Lowell, in his "Fables for Critics," which we have given at the commencement of this sketch; and

which may be regarded as a just characterization of personal peculiarities. As a man is known by the company he keeps, it may serve as an indication of Mr. Briggs' personal relations and affinities, that Lowell dedicated to him the second volume of the last edition of his poems. In Griswold's "Prose Writers of America," in Duyckinck's "Dictionary of American Authors," in Appleton's "Encyclopedia," and in Allibone's "Dictionary of English Authors," we find brief though quite unsatisfactory biographies of Mr. Briggs, from which we learn that he is a native of Nantucket, Massachusetts, the State which has furnished so much of the brains of our literature. He has resided in the city of New-York, however, since his boyhood, and therefore has been thoroughly educated in metropolitan life. He may be regarded as a "representative man" of the great corps of literary *workers*, who furnish the country with mental food, yet who think no more of putting themselves forward as objects to be stared at and talked of, than the unknown laborers of our fields and gardens, who supply us with our daily physical provender.

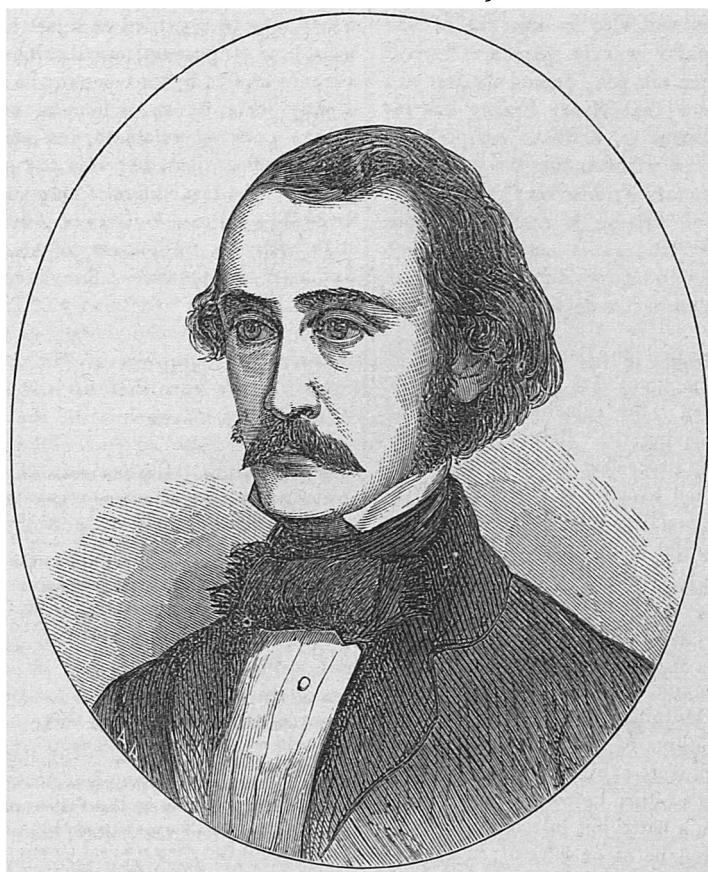
Mr. Briggs is now in the full maturity of his powers, and the public has a right to expect much acceptable labor from his hands. The journalism of this country is vastly changing for the better—a change brought about by the introduction of such men as Mr. Briggs into the newspaper "harness;" and we see no reason why, under the guidance of such men, the American newspaper should not become the best in the world.

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ALBERT F. BELLows.

 OW necessary it is that a child's taste and genius should be watched by the parent, and when their direction is clearly indicated, how necessary, for the after-success of the man, that every proper means of development should be adopted! In this respect our fathers greatly err, since the actual bent of a child's genius less frequently determines the future profession or calling than some extraneous circumstance of "position," living, family preference, &c., &c. We meet with fine native artists who are poor lawyers or doctors; with poor artists who have

* It began to decline after he left it, and gradually fell into a marasmus. After a variety of changes and a succession of misfortunes, it gave up the ghost in company with *Emerson's Magazine*, with which it had been united.



Albert F. Bellows

the ability of good lawyers; we see men, in fact, *misplaced*, everywhere, in all professions and occupations, chiefly owing to the fact that the tastes and wishes of the child are not consulted in the determination of the life-calling. This is lamentable. Our ideas of the proprieties of life ought so to be modified that any honorable pursuit should be regarded as proper and respectable. Thus, if a child's preferences are for mechanism, train the boy with direct reference to a development of the inventive talent, make him a builder, an engineer, a shipwright, a machinist, whatever seems most to coincide with his wishes and capacity; and success will be sure to follow upon his future. If there is a marked leaning to the study of medicine, make him a doctor—if to the law, make him a lawyer; but never try to force a taste and talent that do not exist, or that exist in a moderate degree only, for failure of success will be sure to follow. Happy is he who, having been forced into the wrong pursuit, is, at length, able to burst the bonds of custom, to set aside the mistaken

wishes of friends, and act and labor as his taste and genius indicate!

The subject of this notice, like thousands of others, indicated his mental preferences at an early age, and had them combated at first as not offering the most reliable reward. Happily his discerning parent, seeing the positive character of the son's talent, was wise enough not to stand in the way of its development, but rather to direct it into those channels which seemed to consult the child's tastes and, at the same time, to promise tangible reward. The wisdom of that encouragement will appear in its proper light when we see, as its results, an artist of fine powers and fine promise, already commanding public attention, and exciting expectation of great future achievement.

Albert F. Bellows was born in Milford, Massachusetts, in the year 1830. His father, Dr. A. J. Bellows, is now a practising physician of Roxbury, well known in Boston and its vicinity for his worth as a practitioner and as a man. The Bellows family claim as their common

ancestor, John Bellows, one of the first settlers of New-England, having sailed from England, in the "Hopewell," 1635.* Dr. Bellows is fond of relating incidents in the early life of Albert, as showing the boy's strong passion for delineation. At the age of four, it is told, he overheard of the expected arrival of an aunt, by the next stage. The impression of her coming was strong enough to impel the use of the pencil, and in a short time the child produced a spirited sketch of a coach, with horses at full speed, and the expected aunt looking from the window. The pencil was his ever-present companion, in use upon all occasions, preferred even to the sport and company of his mates. The first dollar that found its way to his hands went for a book of drawing exercises; this obtained, he earnestly essayed to learn the first principles of the art without the aid of a master. While at school, at Groton, his inclinations for sketching and design were so strong as somewhat to interfere with his progress in study. He was, however, discreetly allowed the use of his pencil.

At the age of fifteen, Albert was placed under the care and instruction of J. H. Bufford, a well-known lithographer of Boston, under whose guidance he progressed greatly in drawing. It was proposed to make a lithographer of him, as affording an occupation sure to bring a good living; but the artist impulse within was too strong for the dull expression of the lithographic stone; and, after tarrying about one year with Mr. Bufford, he was placed in possession of a studio, in his father's house, where, left to his own guidance, he painted most assiduously. If these undirected studies gave something of stiffness and coldness to his first style, they also brought their reward in the habits of industry, pains-taking, and self-reliance, which result in great achievements. While pursuing this course of self-instruction Albert joined a "Designing Club," and drew, during the evening, at the "Life School of the Ar-

* Rev. Dr. Bellows of New-York city, is of the same family. In the "Historical Sketch of Col. Benjamin Bellows, Founder of Walpole, an Address on Occasion of the Gathering of his Descendants to the Consecration of his Monument at Walpole, N. H., October 11th, 1854," we find a highly interesting sketch of this ancient family, which traces its origin back to Normandy and the times of William the Conqueror. It is a name honorable in divinity, law, medicine, art, literature, and politics. The patronym is variously spelled, viz.: Bellewe, Belewe, Bellows, &c., &c.

tists' Association, Boston," both of which served materially to strengthen his hand and direct his taste into proper channels.

The boy's progress had been such as to induce his parent to consent to the opening of a studio in Portsmouth, N. H. This was a brave step for a youth of seventeen years to take, but it proved a successful one. The artist found many friends, whose portraits were among his first recognized successes. He painted, during his intervals of leisure, on compositions, two of which may be named as betraying his power of combination in grouping, viz.: "Banditti Quarreling over the Gaming Table," and "Samson Slaying the Philistines with the Jaw Bone." With one of his portraits of a *distingué* lady of Washington city, the subject was so well pleased as to press the young painter to visit the Capital, which he finally consented to do, though strongly opposed by the disrecreter parent. His stay was brief in Washington, and at the earnest entreaty of the family he consented to devote himself to architecture, since that seemed to offer a profession adapted to his taste, and satisfactory in its rewards. He entered the office of A. B. Young, Esq., architect of the Boston Custom-House. Here he remained, an assiduous and successful student, until his twentieth year, when he entered into partnership with J. D. Fowle, Esq. His inclination for his loved art of composition, however, grew stronger with each year's study, and, left to his own choice, he soon quitted the irksome desk of the architect for the freedom and independence of the studio. He had not, during these months of rigid study, abandoned the palette, but produced "The Repulse," and "The Sunbeam," paintings marked by fine power in conception. He also used his lithographic knowledge to produce a large drawing upon stone, entitled the "Sorrows of Boyhood." This proved a popular and successful venture, and shows that he would have attained to eminence in that line if the profession had been pursued.

Having been tendered the charge of the New-England School of Design, at a liberal salary, he accepted the trust, and for three years discharged its responsible duties satisfactorily to all. Considering that he was a mere youth, being but twenty-two years of age, when the trust was assumed, its successful conduct is good evidence of his proficiency, industry,

and moral excellence. With the early schooling afforded by his varied courses in self-study, in lithography, in architecture, and in design, the artist certainly had a foundation of base-principles which few artists can claim, yet which is highly desirable if great success is aimed at in the department of landscape and figure composition.

At the close of his connection with the School of Design, Mr. Bellows resolved to go abroad for study and observation. He proceeded to Paris, arriving there during the great Art Exposition. Here he studied "the schools" closely; and, finally, making the "Belgian School" his choice, he proceeded to Antwerp, where he pursued his studies vigorously, dividing his time between the Academy, and the beautiful country around—of which he made labored and elaborate sketches. Among his works produced at Antwerp, are "Approaching Footsteps," and "Asleep," both of which commanded no little attention among brother artists for their many admirable "points." These, and several others of his works produced at Antwerp, were exhibited in Boston, upon the artist's return home. They served to give him a flattering introduction to the public, and he at once resolved to open his studio in New-York city, the great art centre of the country.

Since Mr. Bellows' advent in the city his advance in popular favor has been gradual but most satisfactory. His first labors here served to command attention for their fine feeling, happy expression, clear tones, and easy disposition. We may name "The City Cousins," "The Last Load," "The First Pair of Boots," "The Broken Pitcher," "The Lost Child," "Frost Pencillings," &c., all of which were artistic successes. In the Academy Exhibitions of 1858 he was honorably represented; and his recognition by the Press a very generous one. Did space permit we should quote some of them any notices made of his works. In the exhibition of the present year Mr. Bellows is represented by fewer works, but they betray an excellence which has not failed to excite the liveliest admiration among the friends of American art. There is that exquisite poetic sense in them which shows the artist's soul to be a very sympathetic one; the coloring is fresh and warm; the detail is wrought in with wonderful care; while the general effect is one of satisfaction. In the artist we see a prominent

disciple, or rather exponent, of the new school of American art which surely is taking form and front under the hands and genius of Church, Gignoux, the Hart brothers, Mignot, Gifford, Coleman, Jerome, Thompson, &c., &c. We shall watch the future labors of Mr. Bellows with great interest. We are gratified in being permitted to give to the artist this recognition of his claims and merits.

DE PROFUNDIS.

Why doth the landscape wear so pale a hue?
Whence is this darkening film before mine eyes?
Doth my life's sun its autumn mists wade through?
Are such the shadows of our evening skies?
Not yet has my existence passed the bound
Of its first month of summer; and I stand
Blindly bewildered, in a depth profound,
Waiting the pressure of some kindly hand
To lead me on
To the bright goal I dreamed of—still unwon.

Age hath, like night, a soft auroral beam
Playing in glory o'er its wintry brow,
And in its crown a thousand star-fires gleam
To warm the heart-stream Time is chilling now;
But darkened youth hath neither sun nor star,
Save in the eternal depths—and mine is dark
With shadows from the grave-land; while afar
Upon the distant steep, the goal I mark,
With tearful eye;
Fain would I reach that height before I die.

I would have left an echo of my song
Amid my native hills—soft as the air
That whispers music their green paths among,
When skies are blue and summer wanders there.
I would have left the memory of my name
Linked with the wild-flowers of their solitudes,
That children might have lisped it when they came
To the green chambers of the budding woods,
And sorrowing said—
"The harp of flowers is broken: *she is dead!*"

It may not be—be still, my heart, be still!
Thou know'st the green fields on the Sabbath shore
Where fountains spring, such depths as thine to fill,
And where this longing thirst is known no more.
There on the bursting flowers will fall no blight;
Music, like that we dream of, fills the air;
There will be morn, and glorious noon; but night,
With shadowy wing, will never hover there;
And on the ear
Will fall dear voices that grew silent here.

And friends, ye whom I love and sorrowing leave,
Ye will remember me when I have passed
From the spring sunshine of our hills, and grieve
That my life's fountain fled away so fast.
Ye will remember me, and breathe my name
Softer and sadder when the form is fled:
Ye will forget my faults, for love's true flame
Burns brighter for the absent and the dead.
No more, my heart, no more—
The dream long dreamed, the yearning thought is
o'er.